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EDWARD P. PAGE, H. P. N.

The unmerited compliment which the kind partiality of our friend, the High Priest of Nature, has induced him to bestow on one of the editors of this paper, would, if we were very modest men, forbid us to publish the following *Challenge*. The reader, however, will not impute to us a desire to trumpet our own praise, when we inform him, as we in truth can, that we have a much more *solid* inducement to publish for Mr Page, than that which might be supposed to arise from the mere gratification of vanity. Besides, it is but just that Mr Page should have an opportunity to repel the attacks, wantonly made upon him, at a time when his claims to be rewarded for "Squaring the Circle," are depending in Congress.

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PAGE'S CHALLENGE!

ALDERMAN M'MICHAEL, in the "Saturday Courier," presumptuously told its "twenty thousand subscribers" that my discovery is "*a consummate humbug*."

I challenge this otherwise ingenuous youg man, to disprove the following facts. If he cannot, and is a gentleman, he will publish them to atone for a cruel libel. I ask the same favor of the "Saturday Evening Visiter," whose editor is an utter stranger to me, therefore *justice* he surely will do me, after his mistake.—To John Pearce, Esq. the highly gifted editor of the "Carroll Free Press," I am most gratefully obliged for the splendid and truly elegant apology that invective prompted.

Such mistakes and misstatements prove most mischievous wrongs at a time when I am striving to get rewarded by Congress for having squared the circle, reformed the calendar and with the periodical returns of the Halley Comet, regulated by the lunar year, most accurately measured our Earth. I have four ratios of squares to circles, because every fourth is leap year, viz: as 9 to 10 in golden 19, as 4 to 5 in 9, as 9 to 13 in 22, as 17 to 19 in double the Saros 18.—

Why strangle to death my science of sciences the instant it is born?

Do what they will, the lunar year of the Moon, round our Earth is a square to its circle the luni-solar year of the Moon round the Sun—10 figures on two hands: let them be the circle. Hide one, and 9 are its squares, 8 of 320 and 355. But David had 318 men of his house and these THE 318 concern "*Jesus and his cross*," as explained in Preface to the "Apocryphal New Testament, and in its Book of Barnabas, ch. 8:—doubtless in reference to "318 simple and compound signs of the days of the Mexican calendar." See Priest's American Antiquities, p. 268. As 17 to 19, so 318, the square, to 355, its circle.

The errors of my adversaries spring from an ignorance of our true relation with Nature; errors so much the more fatal, as social order can only rest on the basis of these relations.—"*Truth, Justice*; these are its immutable laws. Far from us be the dangerous maxim, that it is sometimes useful to mislead, to enslave, and to deceive mankind, to ensure their happiness. Cruel experience has at all times proved, that with impunity these sacred laws cannot be infringed."

[☞I ask leave to present my grateful thanks to Joseph Chandler Esq of the U S. Gazette; Col. Stone, of the N. Y. Spectator; Living & Turner, of the N Y. Gazette; S C. Atkinson Esq., of the S. E. Post; the two editors of the two Wheeling Newspapers; and many other much esteemed editors; too many to name, for the kind and substantial notices they have taken of me!]

I claim to have recovered the Ptolemaic Astronomy, as indispensably necessary to an elucidation of the precession of the equinoxes. Let Pto's squares represent male and copernicus' circles female time. Thus 320 are a male & 355 a female year. The Moon as a female, revolves around Ptolemy's Earth, her male partner to her female circle around copernicus' Sun. This metamorphosis must be regarded: 288 and 320 being a squre and circle, their half is for our Earth's hemisphere, as square St John's New Jerusalem, 144 and circle 160, the basis of 144,000 and 160,000 days or years.

Jesus Christ gave us these words, "There is nothing covered that shall not be revealed; & hid, that shall not be made known." St. John's *exoteric* 144,000 sealed tribes have long "coverde" and "hid" those 144,000 *esoteric* luni solar years of 355 days, when, as Bonnycastle in his Astronomy, Let. 23d, p. 350, states, the circles of the ecliptic and equator coincide, 'and the sun, moving in or near the equator, would, in (their equivalent) 140000 solar years, make equal days & nights all over the globe for many ages." B. then adds, that "to seek a solution of this Egyptian aenigma, is to invalidate the truth of revelation." "A revolution of this kind, is sufficient to reverse the four cardinal points of the compass in two million of solar years." equal to the Hindoo *Pajanatha Yuga's* 2160000 years of 12 months and each the sun's cycle, 26,27,28 years. Suppose the Earth's age to be 6000 such years as well as of 355 days; then a circle's 360 degrees told 6000 times, are these!

I contend, that the whole bible, from its alpha to its omega, confirms this climacterical period! and that its present age 6000 years, is truly explained in the Book of Barnabas, chap. 13th. Therefore, a more lamentable condition of ignorance as it regards genuine Astronomy never afflicted any people. Our Astronomy being utterly false, and contrary to Scripture, of course our religion, morality and government must be equally corrupt. The cause of all this most deplorable ignorance, is thus explained by Lord Brougham in his "Discourses of National Theology" (Note 9) "Bishop Warburton ascertained there was among the old philosophers and lawgivers a principle of propagating what they knew to be false opinions for the public benefit, and of holding one kind of doctrine in secret, the *esoteric*, and another, the *exoteric*, in public. Of this fact there is no doubt."

It is the public taste which demands a resurrection of this most ancient science of sciences, which must first create that public taste, ere it can appreciate such truth of truths and light of lights!

Infatuated idolaters and vicious *pazzle pates* may, to their ultimate shame and confusion denounce me, *Postlethwayt*;—but this glorious elucidation shall prevail their Babel to assail.

I have explained to Congress why I rob Peter *Maximum* of the cycle of Cleostratus, 100, and give it to Paul *Minimum*;—so that the sextant of their mean is as much Plato's great year of 25000 years, each worth 317 days (as golden mean between 320, 355, 365, the three years in Egypt's triple calendar) as 25920 years (when the pole of the equator makes one entire revolution round the pole of the ecliptic) claim each 350 days (between 355 and 365.) There is an infallible rule for this: As 72 times 300 years Enoch walked with God, in a circle's 360 × 60' or 21600 miles or years round our Earth, to Romulus' 300 days in each such years so 72 times 360, 355, 370 in 25920 of 360, 26280 of 365, 26640 of 370 days.—If 21600 and 24000 (whose quadrant is the above 6000) are a square and circle, so are 24000 and 25340 (whose quadrant is the following 6660) and so are the divine 23350 and 25920! sextants of Bonnycastle's 140 160 and 155520.

The ancient Hindoos divided the ecliptic angle into 24 degrees. These are elders around God's throne; and they pass 6000 times through St. John's 144,000: so that this year, A. D 1836, the world's age is these 6000 luni-solars, and the following 6660 lunar years (a circle to this square) also 5840 solar years. Example:

Minimum	Medium	Maximum
140000	150000	160000
Add 160		Take 160
24)140160	150000	159840
A. M 5840		A M. 6660

As 21600, to Romulus' 300 days; so 72 × 330 in 23760; to 330 days, as recorded in 300 Chinese words or monosyllables that constitute their entire language, says Morrison. And no wonder; for as 330 days are between 300 and 360, so 23760 are a mean between 21600 and 25920! Hence 330 Egyptian kings between Menes and Moeris. The force of these 330 Chinese words is apparent thus As 23360 the square, to a solar year's 365 or 366 days: so (inversely) are 25920; its circle: to 330 days! As 21600 to 300, so 23360 to 324, a square to circle 360.

Fearful of fatiguing newspaper readers with my endless proofs by calculation, let this challenge suffice to prove how Astronomy has been made the basis of Chinese language as well as of every other. It is the origin of of every mythology, and is interwoven with every religion as well as with the concatenate arts and sciences.

"God rules the stars, and the stars rule men."

"In science, the whole truth must be told, says *Lacon*.

"Knowledge is the fairest daughter of heaven, says *Colton*.

Astrological knowledge, is the peaceful sceptre I sway as Emperor of the world. My title I yield to him who outdoes me in comprehending Bible Astrology.

EDWARD POSTLETHWAYT PAGE,
High Priest of Nature.
Marietta, O. Feb. 26th, 1836.

LETTERS FROM AFRICA.

LETTER II.

Algiers Sept 29th, 1834.

I have hitherto perambulated only a part of this city, but I understand it contains 153 streets, 14 blind alleys, and five places that can be called courts or squares; of the last of these, however; only the grand square near the sea is of any extent. Thanks to the demolitions made by the French, it is spacious and commodious. As to the rest of Algiers, it is, with the exception of one or two streets, a labyrinth of the narrowest, gloomiest, and most crooked lanes that were ever inhabited by human beings. In many of them two persons can scarcely walk abreast; and if you encounter an ass laden with wood, it behoves you to pull up cleverly to one side, if you wish to keep your lower venter from being torn up by a protruding faggot. The narrowness of the streets is, no doubt, some protection from the heat, and from the rain also, where the houses join their projecting upper stories into an arcade; but the stagnation of air which it occasions, together with the steaming offal and decayed vegetables that meet you at every corner, make me wonder that Algiers is ever free from putrid fevers. There are, however, large covered sewers, which rid the city of much of its filth, and might carry it all off, if the streets were properly swept.—The city is also well supplied with water. There are four aqueducts which bring it from the neighbouring heights, & which feed sixty four public fountains, besides seventy eight in private houses. The sewers are said to have been constructed by the Romans in a city that pre-occupied the place of Algiers. For their aqueducts, the Algerines were indebted, in 1611, to one of the Moores who had been driven out of Spain, and who having discovered a spring near the Emperor's Fort, about three quarters of a mile from the city, laid his project for supplying the city with water before the Dey. It was approved of and executed, and the projector was well rewarded. Every fountain has a ladle chained to it for the common use, with some arabesque and sculpture on the stones, and an inscription which, I take it for granted, as a verse of the Koran—probably recommending Adam's wine as a beverage, in preference to stronger liquors. The Musselmans are fond of quoting texts from their holy book On an executioner's sword I have seen inscribed, in golden letters. "God is merciful."

I account for my continuing to be interested in this ugly place, only by the novelty of objects which it presents. The diversity of the people and of their costume is not only amusing to the eye, but it stirs up a curiosity in the mind respecting the history of so many races, and the causes of their concourse. The "Grand Place," as I have told you, affords the only tolerable promenade. Here at the market time of a morning, you see not only the various people, but the animal and vegetable productions of nature displayed in rich picturesqueness. It has been a perfect treat to me, for several days, to lounge here before breakfast. How I long for the pencil of a Flemish painter to delineate to you the human figures of all complexions and dresses!—the turbaned Moor—the Jew, with his sly face, and his spouse Rebecca, with her yard long head dress behind her. I could not pass even the Jew boys that blacken shoes without being struck by the nimbleness of their tongues, and the comic play of their countenance. They all speak French, and seem the happiest creatures on earth excepting, perhaps, the half naked negroes, who are always chattering and laughing loudest, in proportion to the scantiness of duds upon their backs. I omit the Europeans, for they rather spoil the picture. Peculiarly striking is the looks of the Kabyles, the aboriginal highlanders of Barbary, who have, all of them, a fierce air, and, many of them, legs and arms that would not disgrace the grenadier company of the 42d. Taller, and generally slenderer, are the Arabs descended from those who conquered the country in the seventh century. They are distinguishable by vivid black eyes, shaped like an almond laid sidewise; and though many of them look wretched and squalid, you see some among them whose better drapery and forms, and fine Old Testament heads, give them a truly patriarchal appearance. I thought myself looking on a living image of antiquity, as I stood this morning beside a majestic old Arab, whilst he made the camels he had led into the market kneel before him to be unloaded of their enormous cargoes of herbs and fruits.—I felt, "my very een enriched" at the sight of the vegetable treasures around me, glowing with all the colors of the rainbow—splendid heaps of purple grapes in one pannier, one oranges, peaches, lemons, pomegranates in another. Here were spread out in piles the huge and golden hued melons and pompions, and there the white garlic, "and the scarlet and green pepper-pods," together with the brown mellowness, an excellent pot vegetable, in size, shape, and colour resembling a polished cocoanut. Altogether the vegetable profusion here beats even that of Convent Garden: the only exception to its glory is that their carrots, turnips, and potatoes are smaller and dearer, in proportion to general prices than with us. I was particularly astonished at the cheapness of Barbary-figs—ten for a sou—in Scotch, a bawbee. It is a fruit entirely distinct from the true fig, and though sweet, is insipidly flavored; but still it is nutritious, especially if the stomach requires a slight astringent. I ceased to be surprised at its cheapness, when I found that it grows wild on the roadside and may be had for the trouble of gathering. It is not an universal production over Barbary, but where it grows, the poor Arabs live on it almost entirely during the weeks when it is in season. It is about the size of an ordinary lemon, and grows on cactusbush. This plant, the cactus, does not assume the shape of a tree till its leaves, which are about ten inches long, and an inch thick, twist themselves together into a trunk. It affords the singular phenomenon of leaf. The leaves are thickly covered with prickles, which, when, they get into the flesh, are with much difficulty coaxed out of it. It is much used for hedges about Algiers; but if you should ever come to this country, my dear friend, I exhort you never to let your linen to be spread out on the cactus. An effecting story is told of a Dutch family who had a country house near this city. In the house there were five plump, interesteng daughters, who, in an evil hour gave, their garments to be washed to an ignorant European laundress. She hung them out to dry on these prickly bushes, and such evils were entailed on the lovely wearers of them, that they could neither sit nor recline with comfort, for a week or two afterwards. There is also a fish-market here; but its smell not being so inviting as that of the vegetables, I took an informant's word for it, that the fishes are the same with those caught on the opposite coast of the Mediterranean. Among the indigenous quadrupeds, the stately camels of course, are the first to command your attention, Their tall slender foals, with their curly fleeces, look as gentle as lambs; but in the grown animals physiognomy there is a ferocity which is not always absent from his real character. The camel is not that meek animal which report generally leads us to suppose him. I went up to pat one of them but he showed his teeth with so menacing a cry, that I made a precipitate retreat from him. He is particularly fierce in the rutting season, and is then sometimes dangerous even to his native owner. It is true that the Arab contrives almost always to manage and attach him, though he loads him heavily, and treats him often to hard fare, even now and then to a blow; but, on the whole, the Arab deals kindly with him, and gives him good provender, when he can afford it. The animal, in fact, grows up like a child under the tent of his master, partakes of his plenty as well as his penury—enjoys his song, and understands his biddings. His docility springs from habit and affection—nay, we may almost say from mortal feeling; for he rebels when his temper is not sagaciously managed. When the French came to Algiers, and got possession of camels, they thought that their obeisance might be enforced, like that of mules and asses, by simple beating; but the camels soon showed their conquerors that they were not to be so treated, and the mouth their kick and their bite were rather formidable.

The horse here may be believed to have degenerated from the old Numidian breed; for he is lankly, and seldom elegantly shaped, and he never shows the blooded fire and muscle of a prime English horse. Yet I am told that his hardihood and fleetness are often astonishing, and that his speed in sweeping down declivities would tax the horsemanship of an English jockey. It is surprising how safe and serviceable these animals are, though never mutilated. They will certainly give a snap at times, both in joke and earnest, but they are seldom vicious; and I am just come from seeing a "*cheval entier*," a beautiful creature, who will put his paw into your hand for the bribe of a sugar plum. The males are large and powerful. Of the asses there are two kinds—one, of the true old biblical size that might take Saul upon his back; the other, very diminutive, and most wretchedly treated. In the streets you are never a moment without hearing the cry of "Harri, harri," from a human brute of a driver, who is urging the speed of some of these unfortunate little donkeys, and making them feel his command by goading them with an iron spike on that part of their hips where a wound has already been made and left open.

I have seen no sale of live cattle in the square, unless you give the name of cattle to a poodle dog, a raton, a monkey, or a caged wild-cat, which is now and then offered for sale. I was particularly struck yesterday with the beauty of one the last of these animals. She lay so sleekly and gracefully on her bed of straw, that if she had been tried for killing birds and rabbits, I could not have condemned her. Near her was a long nosed animal, which the French call a raton, about seventeen inches without the tail, though I believe he has nothing of the rat about him but his name, for his eyes are gentle and he suffers himself to be caressed. I am told, however, that he is treacherous, and a devil among the poultry.

Still more was I fascinated by a white sagacious poodle, who whined in my face and beseeched me to buy him, in a doglingo more persuasive than Ciceronian Latin. He told me all about it, and how cruelly hard it was to be standing the live long day; tied by a string to the hand of his salesman. I bought him, and took him home; was ever dog in this world so happy? The French maid servant exclaimed, as he ramped up and down "*Il est fou—il est fou.*" Unhappy for her self, the poor cat of the house encountered him. He seized her by the nape of the neck, but without hurting her, except that her pride was offended; and gallopped round the gallery with her, as she uttered hissing and guggling sounds from her throat, and sprawled with ludicrously unavailing efforts to scratch him. At last he dropped her, and, coming to an open window, showed his contempt of Mohammedan delusion, by howling in exact accordance with the voice of an old Mouzeen, who was proclaiming the hour of prayers from an opposite mosque.

But the most popular candidate of purchase at Algiers is a small tail-less monkey, about a foot and a half in height. These gentlemen, though the most diminitive of the simious tribes in Barbary, are more formidable when they congregate and get shelter among the woods about Collo and Bougia, than the wildest beasts of the forests. They devastate in a single night whole orchards and corn fields. They are conning and regular in their tactics, having leaders, sentinels, and spies. They have a regular discipline, and a system of warfare: at least I have been old so. No traveller is accountable for all that he relates upon hearsay; it is enough if he quotes his authorities, and I can assure you that a highly respectable French drummer gave me his word of honour as to the fact, that the monkies of Bougia are well officered, and that their commander-in-chief has a regular staff. Query, might he not mean a switch? Yet, formidable as they are in their strategies, the natives contrive to make many of them prisoners. The Kabyle peasant attaches a gourd, well fixed to a tree; he puts some rice into it, and strews some grains at the aperture to show that there may be more within, making a hole just large enough to admit the paw of the monkey. Unfortunate pug puts in his open paw and grasps his booty, but is unable to draw it back because it is clenched, and he is not wise enough to think of unclenching it. Hence he remains, as the law phrases it, with "his person attached," and is found next morning, looking, you may suppose, very foolish and penitent. The olden custom was to put him instantly to death, but as he will now fetch twenty francs at Algiers, he is sentenced only to transportation, so that the monkeys are at least one part of that population who have been benefitted by the arrival of the French.

The streets of Algiers, as I have told you, are very dismal; and really, when you meet a Moorish woman, under their gloom, in a drapery much resembling the dress of our dead in England, and looking as much as possible like a mummy or a ghost, she is far from inspiring gallant sensations. Where you have light to see them, the bandiness of their legs is generally observable under their shrouds, and the shrivelled skin around their eyes indicates that there is no great cruelty in their veiling themselves. Still I must own that I have not seen the Moorish ladies so as to judge them fairly,

The population of the city of Algiers must have been greatly exaggerated by the guesses of travellers in the last century, for it is impossible to conceive 80,000 or 100,000 human creatures ever to have been packed together within its walls. The French census in 1833 enumerates the inhabitants thus,—11,330 Moors, 1871 negroes, 5949 Jews, 2185 French (of course not including soldiers) and 1895 other foreigners, making a sum total of 23,753

Algiers has one Catholic church, formerly a mosque, and fourteen Jewish synagogues. The religious houses of the Mussulmans, by far the most imposing of their public buildings, amounted before the arrival of the French to ten large mosques, and fifty marabouts or chapels; several of them, however, have been occupied by the French for military convenience, and some of the marabouts demolished. The mosques are almost all alike. At the entry there is a fountain, with water flowing into a basin, where the Mussulmans perform their ablutions before they prostrate themselves in prayer. Every mosque has an octagonal dome, and a tall minaret, like our steeple, terminating in a crescent, to which a piece of wood is attached whereon to plant a flag, when the mauzeen ascends to the battlements of the minaret in order to call the faithful to prayer, that his signal may be seen when his voice cannot be heard. Some of the minarets are covered with glazed tiles of different colours, which have rather a gaudy effect.

The largest mosque of Algiers stands at the entrance of the street leading from the harbour. It is a long rectangular edifice, divided longitudinally into three naves by two rows of pillars, and, under the dome, at about two thirds of the length of the building, there are two other rows of pillars which form a cross with the former. On each side of the grand nave there are galleries supported on pillars, of which those nearest the door are public, whilst those beyond the dome are appropriated to the gentry. Five or six lustres of glass, and several lamps are suspended with chains along the whole length of the grand nave, as well as long the rows of pillars which intersect the dome. The lamps are lighted for the evening prayers, but the lustres only on grand occasions, such as the least of the Bayram. There is a niche for the Imams, and a pulpit ascended by a flight of stairs, for the preacher. Mats of reed and rich carpets are spread on the pavement.

There are a great many vapour-baths in Algiers. In these establishments, you enter a chamber paved with marble, vaulted, and lighted from above by small glass windows. The steam is created by hot water being poured into basins that stand on the sides of the room. A Moorish young man, who conducts you hither, is arrayed only in a linen cloth around his middle, and after dismantling you of your customary dress, he affords you a similar covering. After you have been seated for some minutes on a bench inhaling the vapour and perspiring plentifully, he throws warm water over you,—robs, or rather scrapes the skin, pats and paws the whole body, except what the cloth covers, as if he were kneading dough, siging all the time an Arabian song, & finally dries you with a towel In an old account of Algiers by an Englishman, I find that this operation in the baths used to be quite formidable to a stranger—there was such rubbing with pumice stones, and stretching the joints till they cracked. The treatment now a days is sufficiently gentle, but I felt myself less invigorated by it than by the cold or tepid bath.

The coffee houses and shops of Algiers are rather amusing—I mean those that exhibit the old Algerine manners In the best French coffee houses I observed several Moors, but you recognized them at once, by their fine by white turbans and dresses, as well as their manners, to be men of the upper class. The other evening I took my coffee near two of them, each of whom I was told was supposed to be worth at least £40,000 sterling. I was, at first Englishman enough to laugh at the idea of men worth £40,000 going about with bare legs; but, recollecting my own Highland origin, I said to myself,—and has not the chieftain of my own clan, in the best old times, shewn as much of his naked limbs? I have seen a Highland clergyman mount the pulpit in a filabeg I was struck with the perfectly gentleman like air of these Moors. There was grace in every movement of their white and shapely hands. By the tones of their voices, I knew that they were arguing, but it was with mildness and light pleasantry, and their Arabic sounded like a musical language in comparison with the guttural harshness of the common speech. These gentlemen Moors sat in chairs like the Europeans.

In the native Algerine coffee houses you find the Moors and Arabs squatting themselves for hours on benches, smoking and sipping black sugarless coffee which in taste much resembles worm-powders. There they also play at two games, which as far as I could observe, are like drafts and chess. They listen meanwhile to the vocal and instrumental music of their ingenious minstrels—a music which, to an European ear, if I may judge by my own is unintelligible and execrable. They have a finger guitar, with four strings a fiddle with only two, and a flageolet which is their best instrument, though bad is the best. I have seen them also use a drum made of parchment stretched over a jar of burnt clay. The jar might indeed be painted as a symbol of their music. Really against an Algerine concert I would almost pit the bag pipes of Lochabar. A Highland piper gives you at least some idea of tilt or rhythm in his rudest pibroch—something to which you could dance or beat time: but in the Algerine airs I could discern no rhythm.—What, you will say, melody without rhythm it is impossible, and the fault was in your ears. Well, I own to you the utter difficulty of imagining music without rhythm, and I thought at first that the fault lay wholly in my own ear; but when I spoke on the subject with a Frenchman here, who is the leader of a regimental band, he told me that the rhythm in Moorish melodies is so capricious as to puzzle him.*

The natives have also a sort of opera-houses of their own, where Mooresses dance unveiled—if their monotonous, see-saw movements can be called a dance. Of course the reputed purity of those ladies cannot be compared with the unsunned snow, but in justice to the beauty of the Algerine fair sex, which I have impeached upon suspicion, I ought to say that more than one of these opera-women appeared to me exceedingly handsome.

The shops that have been opened by the French are of course after the fashion of Europe, but those of the Moors and Jews are in general formed by a recess in the side of a house, some four feet deep, and seven feet long, and raised a step above the ground. In these booths you see the tailor sewing an embroidered garment, the shoe-

*At a later period of my residence in Algiers, a most accomplished vocal musician, the lady of Colonel De Verger, had the kindness to write out for me the notes of some Algerine airs; but said she, "I have been obliged to put a rhythm of my own to them, for I never could discern what the natives mean the rhythm to be."